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THE
SISTERS OF ALHAMA.
—A DRAMA.—

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
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1918

THE
SISTERS OF ALHAMA.

A Drama.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY
EUGENE F. WILLIAMSON.

Crux mihi Anchora.

PITTSBURGH :
STEVENSON, FOSTER & Co.
1880.

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THE
Sisters of Alhama.
A DRAMA.



DEDICATED

TO

THESE THREE:

ETTIE,

LIZZIE,

AMY,

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

Pittsburgh, January, 1880.

Rien n'est beau que le vrai.

ETTIE, LIZZIE, AMY.

**" Whatever tempting wrong lurks near
To check your best improvement,
Ask God for help, and bid your soul
March on with dauntless movement."**

Gardez la foi.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISABELLA, THE CATHOLIC, Queen of Spain.	
AYESHA, Sultana of Granada.	
ISABELLA, Infanta of Castile, twelve years of age.	
JUANA, Princess, her sister.	
NOUMARILDA,	} Sisters of Alhama.
ESTANIA,	
ZILDA,	
BEATRIX, Marchioness de Moya,	} Ladies in attendance on the Queen of Spain.
COUNTESS OF ALBUQUERQUE,	
DUCHESS OF VILLAHERMOSA,	
DONA MENCIA DE LA TORRE,	
DONA MARIA ZAPATA,	
DONA MARIA MANUEL,	} Moorish ladies in attendance on Ayesha.
ZEMROUDE,	
FATIMA,	
SADA,	
EQUIVILA,	
OLAROSA,	} Children of the nobility at the Court of Cordova.
HORALOYUN,	
MIRAZALIA, Robe woman to the Sisters of Alhama.	
BEATRIX,	
INEZ,	
CATALINA,	
RAFFAILLA,	
XIMENA,	

LOCALITIES.

Cities of Granada and Cordova.

YEAR—1482.

ARGUMENT.

THE events of the Drama are supposed to have occurred soon after the taking of Alhama by the Spaniards, in 1482.

NOUMARILDA, ESTANIA and ZILDA are the daughters of the ALCAYDE* OF ALHAMA, whose wife is cousin to the SULTANA ZORAYA. NOUMARILDA, the eldest, being lost in early infancy, is found by the brave knight, RODERIGO PONCK DE LEON, who, unable to discover her parentage, has her brought up in his own household a Christian.

After the taking of Alhama, DE LEON, the hero of the day, sends the ALCAYDESA† to his own Marchioness to be cared for ; and, with this lady, the mourning mother finds her long-lost daughter, and dies in her arms.

NOUMARILDA now resolves to seek her sisters, in hopes of winning them to the Faith. Their dying mother had commended them to the care of her cousin, ZORAYA ; but on their way to the latter, they are intercepted by the soldiers of the SULTANA AYESHA, and carried to the Alhambra. At this point the Drama opens.

The two young sisters, ESTANIA and ZILDA, being on Moslem ground, NOUMARILDA is obliged to disguise herself. She reaches the Alhambra, finds her sisters, is engaged as their governess under the name of ZAMA HAMET, and finally converts them to Christianity, all without disclosing her relationship to them.

The SULTANA AYESHA discovering a Christian under her roof is enraged ; and NOUMARILDA, being obliged to flee, seeks refuge with ISABELLA, the Spanish Queen, to whom she is already endeared. Soon after, she is followed by her sisters, ESTANIA and ZILDA, who escape through the instrumentality of MIRAZALIA, a faithful attendant. Having reached the Spanish court in safety, they are most graciously received by ISABELLA, and are overwhelmed with joy to find that ZAMA HAMET, their much-loved teacher and friend, is their long-lost sister, NOUMARILDA.

*Alcayde—governor of a fort. † Alcaydesa—wife of an Alcayde.

THE
SISTERS OF ALHAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Garden of the Alhambra.

Enter HORALUYUN.

Allah be blest ! At evening's golden hour
Alhambra's gardens are a paradise !
Why lingers Mirazalia ? Long ago
The stormy din of tymbalon and drum
Announced the set of sun, which is the time
We did agree on,—Ah ! a shadow swept
O'er yonder lawn ; and a light foot-fall pressed
The path's dry leaves ! She cometh—she is here.

[MIRAZALIA enters.]

MIRAZALIA.

Earlier I could not come. I was delayed
By the Sultana, who, at toilet, sits
On such a lofty pinnacle of pride,

That all who must approach her majesty
 Are in despair ; and fourteen slaves have been
 To bastinado sent. Poor Zogoybi,
 Her chief nazir,* is in confinement put
 Until to-morrow eve ; even Boabdil,
 Her son and king, keeps modestly aloof.

HORALLOYUN.

Sit by this fount with me. Its soothing gush
 Will charm, from brow and eye, that look per-
 turbed.

How passing grand this vast Alhambra is,
 Which frowns without, but smiles so bright within !
 Methought that naught could e'er surpass the
 towers

Of Salobrena,† that I left last week ;
 But these are like the gorgeous halls of Irem,
 That the son of Add designed to rival Heaven.
 Mine eyes are satiated with the sheen
 Of arrowy columns, tessellated floors,
 Bright founts in jasper held, reflecting walls
 Brilliant with gold-emblazonment, and dyed

* Nazir, chamberlain of the Sultana's household.

† Moorish palace and fortress.

XIII

With rose and violet ; and my poor ears
Are growing weary of the warlike din
Of horn and cymbal, and the tramping feet
Of nobles jeweled like King Solomon.
Aye, these are like fair Irem's unblest bowers,*
Ne'er haunted by the angels, Peace and Love.
Suspicion and *intrigue* look darkly forth
From cold, keen eyes ; and *hatred* gives the
tongue.
The serpent's venom. Scarce a face we meet
Doth the inimitable impress wear
Of genuine content.

MIRAZALIA.

Oh, what a plaint !
Why, thou art *homesick*, Horaloyun dear.
I thought as much, last eve ; for while thou wast
Replacing Ayesha's gems, I saw large drops
Of purest crystal in the casket fall,
That never sparkled 'midst its wealth before.

* Irem. The Mohammedans relate that Ferddad, the son of Add, great-grandson to Noah, designed a palace and gardens which he desired should surpass those of Paradise in beauty.

HORALOYUN.

My father, Hafez, treasurer to the king,
Hath taught me much concerning precious stones ;
This causes Ayesha, whom I long had served
At Salobrena, to desire me here.
Alas ! my home, washed by that sun-bright sea,
Whose glancing spray outshines her diamonds !
Thine azure skies deride her sapphires pale ;
Thy olive-groves her emeralds surpass ;
Thy myriad flowers far lovelier are to me
Than opal, ruby, amethyst, or pearl.
But ah, time flies ! and I am come to ask
A thousand questions. Firstly, tell me why
Two warring kings reign o'er this troubled realm ?

MIRAZALIA.

Affairs in Moorish Spain are like the web
Which Eblis, to ensnare Mohammed, wove,
When Yathreb's stony wilds he wandered o'er
In the Hegira. Well ! the tale to tell.
Old Muley Hassan, of the Iron Will,
Hath been Granada's lord for many years ;

* City of western Arabia, now called Medina.

His sultaness, our Ayesha, hath of late
 With the Abencerráges* line intrigued,
 To place her son upon his father's throne.
 Their plotting leaked ; and Boabdil was sent
 To Comares ;† the turbulent old queen
 Repudiated, for the Morning Star,
 Zoraya fair.

HORALOVUN.

I've heard of her ; she is
 Of Christian ancestry.

MIRAZALIA.

Yea, and upheld
 By that brave Zegri house, the Venegas,‡
 Which has itself a stain of Spanish blood.
 In the Alhambra here, stern Ayesha is
 Supported by Abencerráges' steel ;

* One of the Oriental races of Moslem Spain, claiming a pure descent from the Ansares, or first adherents of Mohammed.

† A tower adjacent to the Alhambra.

‡ A Moorish nobleman descended from the Spanish house of Luque.

Zoraya, in Alexares del Sol,*
 By Zegries, who, thou knowest, are the flower
 Of Moslem, and of Christian chivalry.
 With this preamble, I am now arrived
 Unto the heart of my unhappy tale.
 Who doth not know, how all Granada wept
 (Strong men like women) when the tidings came
 That o'er Alhambra's towers were waving wide
 The banners of Castile and Arragon ;
 How Muley Hassan hastened to retake
 Alhama† (called Granada's Key) and failed ;
 How he returned, to find his throne usurped
 By Boabdil—Alhambra's portals closed !
 Ah, night of horrors ! ne'er to be effaced
 From memory's tablet ! In slumber deep, I lay
 Within an alcove, near the Hall of Thrones ‡
 A troubled dream—a sudden waking !
 What could it mean ? Had all the world gone
 mad ?
 The tecbir's call—wild shrieks for mercy—oaths—

* Moorish palace and fortress.

† Castle and town eight leagues from the capital of Moorish Spain.

‡ "The renowned court of the Hall of Thrones."—Irving's "Alhambra."

XVII

The clash of scimitars—the tramp of feet.
With one wild spring, I burst the jalousies,
And reached the Arcade of the Trumpeters.
The sire had scaled the walls, and at the head
Of his fierce Zegries, like a lion fought ;
While round *the son*, the Abencerráges pressed,
Above their dead and dying. Ah ! in vain
Did bloody streams dye red the fountain's vase !*
The king retired, left his usurping son
The feeble monarch of this realm, and now,
In Malaga, doth watch the veering winds
Of public favor, for auspicious change.

HORALOVUN.

How trivial oft those forces are, which sway
The ponderous mechanism of the state !
Now tell me who those sad, sweet sisters are,
Whom thou dost watch with so much tenderness,
And unto whom our proud Sultana shows
So marked aversion.

* The massacre of the Abencerráges, in the halls of the Alhambra, is attributed to Muley Hassan, who suspected them of being concerned in a conspiracy. (See Irving's "Alhambra.")

XVIII

MIRAZALIA.

Ah, Alhama's doves !
Most sweet they are ; and *sad* have cause to be.
Their father is the banished and disgraced
Alcayde of Alhama. On the day
Of its beleaguerment, his fatal absence
From the post of duty great advantage gave
To Roderigo de Leon, Cadiz' lord.

HORALOYUN.

I've heard it said the Alcaydesa lay
Sick unto death, to whom de Leon showed
Much courtesy ; so she their mother was.
Died she not with de Leon's marchioness ?

MIRAZALIA.

Thou heardest aright—she did. The marquis then
Interred her with all honor, and restored
To these fair sisters (who at Loxa were)
The treasure taken in Alhama's siege.

HORALOYUN.

Why are they in Alhambra's alcazar ?

XIX

MIRAZALIA.

Their mother was a Zegri, and at death
Did recommend them to Zoraya's care,
Who was her cousin ; they, upon the way,
Were intercepted by the soldiers fierce
Of Aben Coxim,* and unto Ayesha sent.

HORALOVUN.

They seem to cling to thee, as though thou wert
Less a dependent than a trusted friend.

MIRAZALIA.

Their delicate and gentle mother loved
Her robe-woman (for such was I to her),
As her own child ; and Mirazalia must
Set her poor orphans free from Ayesha's bonds,
Or *die* in the attempt. But list ! what sound !

HORALOVUN.

The antelope amidst the feathery palms,
Or crested Obi calling to his mate.

* Yusef Aben Comixa, vizier to Boabdil.

MIRAZALIA.

No. I am sure I heard our Zilda's voice,
 And her sweet lute. 'Tis the Sultana, girl !
 I see a train of ladies winding through
 The Path of Peris. Dearest, let us flee ;
 Thou to the Lake Kiosk—these myrtle shades for
 me.

[They retire a little.

SCENE II.

Music.—Enter the SULTANA AYESHA, attended by ESTANIA, ZILDA, OLAROSA, EQUIVILA, ZEMROUDE, SADA and FATIMA.—ZILDA sings to the lute.

ZILDA (*Solo*).

Hark, to the minaret's golden bells,
 Slowly swaying, sweetly ringing !
 See ! to the valley's cool green wells,
 The shepherd home his flock is bringing.
 War is cruel ! Peace is blest !
 Sing it, lute-strings, loud and long !
 Warrior, leave thy lance at rest ;
 List to the Zegri maiden's song.

Hark, to the trumpet's thrilling note,
 Rearing war-steeds clashing cymbal !
 Islam's banners broadly float ;
 Cast aside the lute and timbrel.
 War is glory ! Peace is sloth !
 Silence, O thou silvery string !
 Shall we chant a lay we loathe ?
 So did the Zegri maiden sing.

SULTANA (*to ZILDA*).

Silence a moment, child ! [*To EQUIVILA.*] What
 saidst thou then,
 Fair Equivila ?

EQUIVILA.

That our former king,
 Thy royal consort, is as brave a man
 As ever bore a banner to the field ;
 And that if Boabdil do but as well
 In battle, as in joust and tournament—

SULTANA (*interrupting her with dignity*).

True ! Aboul Hassan is a dauntless man ;
 But an intrepid king may be a fool.

XXII

And, sapient maiden, was it wise, think'st thou,
To grasp the shadow and the substance lose—
To take Zahara, at Alhama's price?

SADA (*to ESTANIA and ZILDA*).

And were ye in Alhama's alcázar,
When bold de Leon's cunning strategy
Forced its defences? and did ye see that knight
Of Spanish chivalry, the peerless flower?

ESTANIA.

We were at Loxa when Alhama fell,
And its famed conqueror have never seen.

SULTANA (*to the same*).

Where was your recreant father? Had *he* been
Faithful to duty, fair Alhama still
Had been Granada's key.

OLAROSA.

Let me entreat.

Ah! spare them, Madam. See! Poor Zilda's
cheek
Is like the rose's heart;—Estania's eyes

Flashing like gems. 'Tis surely not their fault
To be of Zegri house ; nor can they help
The error of their parents.

ZEMROUDE (*to* ESTANIA *and* ZILDA).

I have heard
That with the marchioness of this great lord
Your dying mother found a long-lost child.

ZILDA.

Our parents, with a party of their friends,
Rode, twenty years ago, a lonely pass
Of the Serrania. Attacked by robber bands,
They must have perished all, had they not met
Great Ponce de Leon, who, for peril's sake,
Had crossed the frontier with some noblemen
The skirmish o'er, our fainting mother called
The nurse that bore her child ; — the babe was
gone.

ZEMROUDE (*to* ZILDA).

Thy infant sister was then stolen ?

XXIV

ZILDA.

Yea.

In hope of ransom, the marauders first
Bore Noumarilda off, but afterwards
Cast her behind them in their hasty flight.

SULTANA.

Why, 'twas this same Roderic de Leon
Who kidnapped the infant ; so I've heard.

ESTANIA.

No, Madam, no ! This noble knight indeed
Upon his homeward way found the poor babe
Amidst some mountain cacti. Knowing not
The name or rank of the alcajde* whom
He had just rescued, he resolved to bear
My sister home, and have the story published
In adjacent cities, by the crier's bell.

SADA.

And *ye* believed her dead, nor ever heard
Aught of her fate, until she came to nurse
Her dying mother ?

* The governor of a castle or fort.

SULTANA (*violently*).

Who died renouncing Islamism ;
Died the death of a vile renegade ;
Died as will her royal cousin yet.
 Still, for a Zegri,* 'tis not new or strange ;
 Well may ye blush, ye miserable maids,
 Your parents do but little honor you ;
One faithless to his trust ;—and worse, far worse !
 The other, faithless to Mohammed's law.

EQUIVILA.

Now, brave Estania, pray thee wipe away
 That rain of tears ; and, Zilda, bear in mind
 That Patience hath a diamond shield which blunts
 The points of those envenomed darts that are—

SULTANA (*sarcastically*).

“*By malice aimed*,” thou wouldst no doubt assert ;
I close for thee the graceful metaphor.
 [To ZILDA.] Pray tell us, hast thou seen this sister
 yet ?

* Zegri. A line of Morisco Spain, of mingled Moorish and Spanish ancestry.

XXVI

ZILDA.

Our Noumarilda we have never seen,
And never may, alas ! for all declare
That dreary war is darkening o'er the land.
Cid Aben saw her at the Court of Spain,
And says that she is beautiful, but grave.

SULTANA.

And this is all thou hast of her to tell ?

ESTANIA.

I then will add what Zilda hath omitted,
(In deference, perhaps, to that devotion
To Mohammed's laws, which is, we know,
O noble Ayesha, thy most shining trait.)
My mother was compassionate of heart,
And often would, in secret, kindness show
To Christian captives in the citadel.
'Twas doubtless wrong ; — but, at the time, she
was
A hopeless mourner for her missing child,
With sympathy for every bleeding heart.
A Christian mother told her, if she would
But to the Virgin pray—(that spotless maid

XXVII

Who bore the Prophet Issa—Jesu called
By unbelievers)—she unfailingly
Would hear of, and recover her first-born ;
So, ever after, in my mother's bower,
Before a picture of the Stainless One,
A silver lamp burned perfumes all day long ;
And, strange to say, my mother did, indeed,
Die on that daughter's heart.

SULTANA.

Thou dost believe
That Issa heard His Virgin Mother's prayer ?
Highly ridiculous, and most profane !
Zoraya and her Zegries might receive
Such fables ; but pray, mark me, haughty maid,
They never must insult *my* hearing more.

ESTANIA.

Will thy Exaltedness be kind enough to say,
When we may hope to see that fortress strong,
Alexares del Sol ?

SULTANA (*sarcastically*).

And its fair queen.
Dost thou so eagerly desire to look

XXVIII

Upon Zoraya's face? Nay, nay, fair maid,
Content thee with Alhambra for a while.
Since "*patience hath*," as Equivila says,
"*A diamond breast-plate*," thou must put it on.
But lo! the dew is falling—see! it gems
These tulip-petals. Ladies, we retire.

EQUIVILA.

O linger yet, Sultana. See, the moon,
The full, bright moon, doth o'er the Vega* rise.

SULTANA.

All that *so will*, may linger and enjoy
Her silvery light. Zemroude and Fatima,
Attend ye me. Sada, bring my fan.

[**Exeunt** SULTANA, ZEMROUDE, FATIMA and SADA.]

OLAROSA (*to the Sisters*).

Sweet sisters of Alhama, do not deem
Us all so marble cold as Ayesha is,
Or as those maidens, who her favor court,
By an adoption of her views and whims.—
Fair Equivila and myself bewail

* Vega of Granada, a beautiful plain.

XXIX

The taunts and jeers that are your daily lot.
The dart that striketh you, goes through our
 hearts.

Ah ! Mirazalia comes ! So, we will leave
You for a while together ; for, not oft
Can ye to sympathy your woes impart,
Mind's voice to mind, heart's loving voice to
 heart.

ESTANIA.

Thanks, gentle maidens, for your courtesy.
Ye are twin blossoms of that golden tree
That Moussa* cast in Marah's† wave of gall,
And it ran honey for the lips of all.

[Exeunt EQUIVILA and OLAROSA.]

[*Enter* MIRAZALIA.]

Oh, do not droop, fair flowers ! Afflictions are,
By Allah, written in the book of fate.

ESTANIA.

They are not sweeter because written there.
Why must we suffer ? Do we not obey
The Koran ? Stripes should on rebels fall.

* Moses.

† "They could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter."—Exodus, chapter xv, verse xxiii.

MIRAZALIA.

Noble Estania, I am little skilled
 In these deep questions ; and, to tell the truth,
 Have oft-times wondered if great Allah, throned
 In halls of glory, pillared, as they tell,
 With sunbeams crystallized, and radiant
 With angels and houries, flowers and bright-
 winged birds,—
 Doth ere bestow a thought on us poor worms.
 Nay, worse ;—I've doubted the existence even
 Of houri or genii. Allah, pardon me !
 Such things *may* be, as lately it appears.

ESTANIA.

Pray what, O silly girl, hath given new strength
 To thy weak faith ?

MIRAZALIA (*to ZILDA*).

I've heard a houri sing.
 Didst thou not tell me, that oft-times at night
 A lady's voice, sweet singing to a lute,
 Haunted the gardens 'neath thy balcony ?

XXXI

ZILDA.

Yes, Mirazalia, oh ! so soft and sweet,
Now near, now far, the burden still the same.

MIRAZALIA.

I've heard it, too,—this very eve,—and here
Within these gardens. Hark, dear ladies, hark !
Oh ! by the Prophet's yellow slippers ! list !
It soundeth once again.—

(*Voice in the distance singing to the lute.*)

Oh, the moonlight ! the moonlight !
The soft silvery moonlight !
It checkers the grove-aisles ;
It jewels the sea ;
And soft while I sing,
Like a saint's aureola,
It brightens the brows
That are dearest to me.

MIRAZALIA (*excitedly to ZILDA*).

O lady, sing.

ESTANIA (*to ZILDA*)

Yea, improvise reply.

XXXII

ZILDA.

Oh, the night-wind ! the night-wind !
The low wandering night-wind !
It moans in the ruin ; it sighs to the rose ;
And bears on its wings, from the haunts of the
 Peri,
The mystical lute-notes that charm our repose.

Lute.

Oh, the star-light ! the star-light !
The rich gloom of shadow,
The splash of the fountain, the night flower's hue,
Who draweth around her her petals of velvet,
And claspeth her mantle with diamond dew.

ZILDA.

Ah, lost are the spells
Of the calm night to sorrow !

Lute.

She whispers sweet thoughts
Of the Heaven above !

ZILDA.

She speaks of its beauty ;—
But beauty is hollow !

XXXIII

Lute.

Ah ! *Heaven*, sweet mourner,
Is Jesus and love !

ESTANIA.

Ah ! didst thou mark the close ! *Jesu and love !*
She sings of *Jesus* (whom we, Issa call),
The Prophet of the Christians ; so, of course,
She's of their faith.

MIRAZALIA.

Ah ! Allah Akbar, true !
Come, let us all, like pious Islamites,
Return unto the palace. Perhaps she is
Some temptress, sent by demon Eblis here ;
(If demons do exist, which I believe
With the Sultana.)

ESTANIA.

Nay, there is naught to fear.
We'll snare that sweet-voiced bulbul in her nest.
Now, silly Zilda, thou hast turned as pale
As any spectre. Stay thou here a while.
Haste, Mirazalia, to that orange grove,

And search the Grotto of Janthina Shells.
 I'll up yon avenue ; for, I declare,
 I will not sleep till I have found *that lute*.

[Exeunt ESTANIA and MIRAZALIA.

ZILDA (*muses for a while, then sings to a sad air*).

*"Ay de mi Alhama."**

Fall, gentle veil of shadowy night,
 Thou dost befit dark sorrow's hour !
 Rise not, O moon ! Why shouldst thou light
 Alhama's fair dismantled towers ?
 Why shouldst thou light the tomb that holds
 A mother's clay,—a life's delight ?
 Let fall, O night, thy veil's dark folds ;
 Rise not, O radiant moon, to-night !
Ay de mi Alhama ! Alhama !
Alhama, ay de mi !

[ESTANIA and MIRAZALIA enter, leading in
 by the girdle a veiled lady.

*When Alhama fell into the hands of the Spaniards, the consternation of the Moors was so great, that they rushed through the streets of Granada, crying, "*Ay de mi Alhama.*"

ZILDA (*shrinking back*).^{*}

Who is it, sister? oh, be reverent! —
Perhaps it is the angel Israfil,*
Who doth inspire sweet song.

ESTANIA.

An angel? No!
A Peri, perhaps,—oh! didst thou hear her laugh?
Unveil, unveil, sweet lady! for I've made
A vow to all the houries, that I'll know
Who thou mayest be.

MIRAZALIA.

'Tis Equivila! No—
'Tis Olarosa! she is just that height.
[LADY OF THE LUTE lifts her veil, bows and smiles.

ESTANIA (*looking fixedly at the stranger*).

I do not know thee.

ZILDA (*doing the same*).

No, the face is strange.

* Supposed by the Mohammedans to be the most melodious singer of all the angels of Paradise.

MIRAZALIA (*clasping her hands, but speaking quietly*).

But beautiful ; and oh ! 'tis wondrous like
A face (no more of earth) *that once I loved*.
Who art thou, maiden ?

LADY OF THE LUTE.

A friend—believe me all.

I am the daughter of a Zegri lord,
And now the echo of a ruined house ;
Nor dare I breathe my name near these proud
towers.

Yet, Sisters of Alhama, I would fain
(Since ye have forced me to reveal myself),
Ask you to let me fill the vacant place
Of any friend whom ye have loved and lost.
I am well skilled in all the graceful arts
That serve life's need, or gild its idle hours,
And competent those studies to direct,
Long interrupted by the many woes
That cause your fortunes to resemble mine.
Then ye shall pay me only with the gold
Of confidence and love. Am I too bold ?

XXXVII

ZILDA.

Engage her, dear Estania ;—do not probe
The secret of her sorrow. Only think,
Embroidery, books and music, all day long !

ESTANIA.

Far more delightful than bald chat concerning
Jewels and feathers. But thou art, I fear,
A Christian. Thou didst sing their Prophet's
praise.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

And Mussulmans revere his sanctity.

ESTANIA.

That's an evasion. Let the question rest.
Thou shalt serve Allah as it please thee best.
We take thy olive branch, O mystic dove ;
Give thou thy wisdom,—we will pay with love.

MIRAZALIA (*who has closely regarded the stranger*).

But give a name ;—there's something in a name.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

Canst thou not call me *Lady of the Lute* ?

XXXVIII

MIRAZALIA.

We can. But say, will Ayesha do the same?
She is prosaic, and suspicious too.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

True, very true ; I had not thought of that.

MIRAZALIA.

My former mistress gave to me the name
Of Mirazalia, in a merry mood ;—
I should be Zama Hamet. Take that name ;
'Twill serve as well as any better one.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

I will, dear maiden, for its euphony ;
And prize it, too, as being part of thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Alhambra.

[Enter ZEMROUDE, who searches carefully all parts of the
hall. Enter FATIMA.]

FATIMA.

Where are the daughters of Alhama gone?
This hall is their apartment, is it not?

ZEMROUDE.

They yonder sit, with that new friend of theirs,—
 That model of propriety, beneath
 The rose-vined arbor of yon battlement.
 I'll tell thee something, Fatima ; but stay—
 I know not if thou canst a secret keep.

FATIMA.

Nay, try me, Zemroude. Why, above all things
 I love a secret. Whom does it concern ?

ZEMROUDE.

This Zama Hamet, who, I much suspect,
 Is a vile Christian. Hast thou ever yet
 Met her at mosque ?

FATIMA.

At mosque ? Why, no, not I—
 I go not often there. One thing I know,
 She prays devoutly when the ezam* rings.

ZEMROUDE.

Yes, she may pray, but hast thou seen her make
Ablution before prayer ? Attend awhile.

* The tolling of the bells of the mosque, which summons
 the Mohammedans to prayer.

Thou knowest, formerly I had the charge
 Of Ayesha's gems. Well, on one luckless day
 She called for me, to tell the difference 'twixt
 An agate and an onyx. Not being clear
 Upon this vital subject, I, of course,
 Failed to enlighten Ayesha. She, enraged,
 Sent for this Horaloyun, who had been,
 At Solobrena, mistress of her gems.
I hate this girl who doth usurp my place,
 Which I will render vacant if I can.
 Now Horaloyun is, I'm told, bewitched
 About this Zama Hamet, who, in truth,
 Is ever at her side.—Ah! if I can but prove
 That Zama teaches her the Christian Law,
 As soon would Ayesha keep a *serpent*
 In Alhambra's halls, as this fair renegade.

FATIMA.

Be cautious. Zilda and Estania will
 Be implicated; Olarosa, too,
 And Equivila are oft seen with them.

ZEMROUDE.

And even so. They are a canting clique,
 Whom cordially I hate; 'twould be well done,

XLI

With one bold move to sweep all off the board.

Now, by the Prophet ! this is fortunate ! [*She picks up a cross.*]

See what I have !—a *cross*—the hated *cross* !

Ha, Zama Hamet ! thou may'st plausibly

Explain the secret meetings of each eve

Beside the Fount of Amber ; but canst thou

Account for *this*—*this symbol most abhorred* ?

FATIMA.

Let us retire, Zemroude ; for Zama hath

Just closed her book. Look at her upturned face.

She speaks of Paradise—the sisters seem

Absorbed in thought—they rise—they come this
way.

[*Exeunt ZEMROUDE and FATIMA.*]

SCENE IV.

[*Enter LADY OF THE LUTE, ESTANIA, ZILDA and HORALOYUN.*]

ZILDA.

O Zama, thou hast told us wondrous things,

Hast given to us such sweet and holy thoughts,

That night's long hours will scarce suffice to draw
Forth all their sweetness ; so to solitude

I will retire awhile.

ESTANIA.

And I, to prayer.
I need no further proof—I am convinced.
The more I hear and pray, so much the more
The glorious beauty of the Christian Faith
Delights me, as a lofty mountain view
Of plain and ocean charmeth one born blind.
The Christian Scriptures are consistent, pure ;
They meet each want, each question of the soul ;
While it is obvious, that whate'er of truth
Is on the pages of the Koran found,
Hath been a theft from your Inspired Books ;
And all that is of Islam, is of earth,
Wild dreams of sensuous and ambitious birth.
I wondered oft, that Gabriel's pen of flame*
Could note no loftier theme than I might name,
Of those Eternal Bowers, that are to be
Bliss and reward for all eternity.

[Enter suddenly, the SULTANA and her ladies.

* The angel Gabriel was supposed by the Mohammedans to have written the pages of the Koran for the Prophet with a pen of fire.

XLIII

SULTANA.

Why, ladies, the Muzzim* some time since
Rang the first ezam. Heard ye not the bells?

ESTANIA.

We heard the bells ;—but, gracious Madam, see,
Thy ladies are as indevout as we.

SULTANA (*holding up the cross which ZEMROUDE had found*).

Pray, who lays claim to this most precious thing?

LADY OF THE LUTE.

Madam, 'tis mine !

SULTANA.

Ah ! I surmised as much.

[*Sternly.*] A relic? trinket? toy? Perhaps the
symbol

Of the faith thou dost profess? [*Drops it with contempt.*]

LADY OF THE LUTE (*taking up the cross and reverently pressing it to her lips*).

The symbol of my Faith, my Hope, my Love !

* Clerk of the Mosque, who rings the ezam.

XLIV

SULTANA (*fiercely*).

How darest thou intrude thyself within
The limits of Alhambra—*renegade* ?
Speak not ! be gone ! keep thine apartments !
When I have seen King Boabdil, thou shalt
Hear further from me. Horaloyun, *thou*
With this vile temptress ! Art thou Christian, too ?

HORALOYUN.

No, Madam, I am not. Oh, do not harm
Poor Zama Hamet ! Thou wast ever kind
To Horaloyun ! Hear her earnest prayer.

SULTANA.

Ah, Horaloyun ! I am just in time
To save thee from a viper. I would not,
For half my treasure, lose thee ; for thou hast
A winning way and marvelous good taste.
[To ZILDA.] Art thou a Christian ?

ZILDA.

I—am—not—as—yet—

ESTANIA.

Zilda was ever timid—*I am not.*
 She fain would say, that, while she fears to claim,
 She ardently desires *that glorious name.*
 I am a Christian, if desire of soul
 Can make me such, before those waters roll
 That wash out Eden's sin ; but should their flood
 Be death-denied—I'm Christian in my blood.

SULTANA.

Ye silly children, do ye think that I
 Would let Zoraya boast that 'neath the care
 Of Moslem Ayesha, her fair cousins did
 Apostatize? Ah, never ! Ye shall hear
 The sountons and alfarques on the Law ;
 They'll soon eradicate the noxious weeds
 Sown in your tender minds by this bold maid.

[*Turning to the* LADY OF THE LUTE *with great*
haughtiness.]

Who art thou, and whence ? Thou knowest *us* all,
 But art as utterly *unknown*, as though
 The Cities of the Silent* sent thee forth.
 Aye, and thou art no cipher of the crowd ;

* So the Orientals call their graveyards.

Thou hast the culture, elegance and ease,
That birth begins and breeding doth perfect.
We'll roughly lift the mask, ere long, I ween.
The second ezam, ladies ! Now to mosque !

[Exeunt all except LADY OF THE LUTE, ESTANIA and
ZILDA. ESTANIA and ZILDA, weeping, advance
towards the LADY.

ZILDA (*takes the lady's hand*).

O Zama, Zama, I am faint and sick
With dread of what, perhaps, awaiteth thee ;
They'll martyr thee, my darling. There are hid
Dark vaults beneath Alhambra's marble halls.

ESTANIA (*embracing the lady*).

My soul reads thine ; thou dost not fear to die,
But art approaching *eagerly* a goal
Ambitioned long. Ah, be thou firm, brave heart !
I'll join thee, when I've tied this tender flower
Unto the cross that crowns the rock of Faith.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

O sisters of my soul, I came to die
That ye might live to God :—the work is done.

To spare you yet one pang, I shall conceal
My name, my secret ; death shall tell the tale.

[ESTANIA and ZILDA pass out weeping.
MIRAZALIA enters unperceived.

LADY OF THE LUTE (*soliloquizing*).

O my soul's Love ! let no mischance betide,
But draw me to Thyself, a martyr-bride ;
And give Thou me these souls, for whom I die,
As glorious gifts to bear to Thee on high.
With all my sins and shame and misery,
What have I loved—what do I love,—but Thee ?
My noon-day revery, my midnight dream,
Hath had Thy love, Thy beauty for a theme.
Ah ! open, bloody lance, that burning Heart,
That I may enter, and no more depart.
Bless me, O tender Hands ! whose Palms of snow
Bear starry scars ; and let me low, low, low,
Lie down forever, by those Feet that trod
Life's thorns, that I might lose myself in God.

MIRAZALIA (*coming forward*).

O Lady of the Lute, I know thee now.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

Well, Mirazalia, tell me who I am ?

XLVIII

MIRAZALIA.

We watch two lamps, our labor is the same ;
I guard the crystal, thou dost feed the flame.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

Speak plainly, Mirazalia, and be brief,
For I, by nightfall, shall a prisoner be.

MIRAZALIA.

Thou comest to Alhambra to preserve
Two precious souls from everlasting death.
I came to guard the earthly case of each,
From any plot or violence that might
Befall them, from this Ayesha's tyranny.
Thou art content to die, believing now
The work is done, when it is but commenced.
No, thou must longer live, and *live for them*.
Insidious Ayesha will no longer treat
Her gentle captives harshly. Thou shalt see
That every sweet allurements will be webbed
Across their path ; and ere next Ramadan*
Thou'lt find them both allied to some great house.

* The Lent of the Mohammedans, also the ninth month of their year.

XLIX

Fly to Cordova. With the Spanish queen
Await my coming ; for I hope to bring
Thy sisters safe unto the Church and thee.
Still *Zama Hamet* must thou be to them ;
Because their agony (already great),
Would climax, did they know *this stronger tie* :
Because, that should thy flight a failure prove,
The haughty Ayesha will be merciless,
Knowing that in her meshes she hath caught
The child of him who caused Alhama's fall.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

How shall I fly?

MIRAZALIA.

Thou shalt disguise thyself.
I have foreseen all this, and have prepared
A suitable costume. Thou hast my name ;
So when the alguazils are sent for thee,
I, Zama Hamet, will their hostess be,
While thou, across the Vivarrambla, art
The nut-seller, dark-skinned Estrelle.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

And Mirazalia, dearest, what of thee ?

L

MIRAZALIA.

They'll find out their mistake and set me free.

LADY OF THE LUTE.

Take thou this ring, 'tis *Isabella's gift* ;
And, shouldst thou safely reach the court of
Spain,
Send it to the queen, desiring audience.

[MIRAZALIA takes the ring, kisses it, and they retire
hastily.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Cordova.—The Court of the Palace.

[INFANTA ISABELLA and PRINCESS JUANA, with their companions, BEATRIX, CATALINA, INEZ, RAFFAILLA, XIMENA (children of the nobility), at play.]

BEATRIX (*solemnly*).

Now, mark me, Isabella of Castile,
I'll never pardon—never—never—never—
My Dona Lucia de Madrana ! for
She gives me Fractions, just to drive me mad !

INEZ (*innocently*).

But think, Beatrix, if thou pardon not,
 When thou shalt stand and knock at Heaven's
 Gate,
 San Pedro, peeping through a little crack,
 Will cry, "*Beatrix de Cabrera, go!*
Thou wouldst not pardon thy poor governess!"

BEATRIX (*after consideration*).

Well! when I'm *dying*, I will stretch to her
 My little finger [*suits the action to the word*],
 and through my half-shut eyes [*shuts them*]
 I'll give her one cold look:—but *kiss* her?—No!
 Satan, or else the Moors, *most certainly*
 Invented Fractions, just to set one crazed.
 I don't believe Job ever did a sum
 In Complex Fractions or Proportion. Now!

INFANTA ISABELLA.

What is the sum, my angry little maid,
 That Dona Lucia hath imposed on thee?

BEATRIX (*excitedly*)

A horrid sum! A gross and vulgar sum!

Not fit for *Countess de Cabrera's** mind.
 Well, here it is. "Six mules, one harvest, got
 Into a vineyard where there was much fruit,
 Six thousand and three hundred florins worth.
 Now, the first mule—"

CATALINA (*mischievously*).

Did kick the second mule.—

BEATRIX (*impatiently*).

That's not in it, Catalina. Not at all !
 Thou hast a heart of stone to tease me thus.
 "Now, the first mule, one-seventh did devour;
 The second mule, one-fifth of the ripe grapes ;
 The *third*, two-ninths ; the *fourth* (a greedy mule)
 Devoured as much as both the second and the first."

RAFFAILLA (*throwing out her arms dramatically*).
 Which made the *fifth* detest him from his soul.

BEATRIX (*angrily*).

Ah ! Raffailla, thou may'st jest and laugh !
 What knowest *thou* of problems such as these ?
 Look at my arm ! I'm wearing to the bone.

* Herself.

INFANTA ISABELLA (*laughing*).

Thou hast not told us all about the mules !

BEATRIX (*casting up her eyes mournfully*).

Ah ! yes, those mules *most diabolical* !

“ The grapes remaining were devoured soon
By the fifth and sixth—in the proportion strict,
Of three unto five. How much did each devour ? ”

[*Clasping her hands and looking up to Heaven.*]

Holiest San Pedro ! what a wretched sum !

A sum to drive one to the mad house straight.

[*Musingly.*] “ In the proportion of *three* unto
five ! ”

What sense is there in that ? I fain would ask.

I know not if the last two mules devoured

The other mules, or all the other grapes.

[*Rests her head upon her hands despairingly.*]

XIMENA.

Ah, come and play, and never mind the mules !

BEATRIX.

Oh, no ! I never more shall play ;—my heart

Is all in Fractions. Just imagine me

All wan and drooping, sitting in my place,
 And Dona Lucia fixing on my slate [*she imitates*]
 Her fierce dark eyes, and sternly calling out,
 "Well, Senorita, what about that sum!"

XIMENA (*impatiently*).

I wish the mules and Dona Lucia were
 In Bagdad! It will soon be time for prayers,
 And we have had, as yet, not one good game.
 Let's play "*Come chase the Stag*," or "*Butterfly*,"
 And I the naughty Butterfly will be.

BEATRIX (*throwing down her slate*).

Oh! let me be the naughty Butterfly!

XIMENA (*pouting*).

Beatrix, no! Didst thou not say thy heart
 Was cracked and broken up? Thou *canst* not
 play.

BEATRIX (*with dignity*).

And so it is, Ximena. I can feel
 The little pieces. [*Puts her hand on her heart*.]
 Dost thou doubt my words?

RAFFAILLA (*shocked at BEATRIX*).

Oh, what vile breeding ! the Infanta should
Have the precedence,—or the princess,—fie !

INFANTA (*laughing*).

No, let Beatrix be the Butterfly ;
A dance, perhaps, will heal her broken heart.

BEATRIX (*all animation*).

That's right, Infanta ! [*To CATALINA.*] Go thou,
Lina dear,
For my triangle and the castanets.
Come to the garden, all ; let's each select
A favorite flower, and form a beauteous wreath.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Court of the Palace.

[*The children return, each crowned with a wreath of her
favorite flowers, and castanets in hand.*]

INFANTA (*standing in the centre in the back-ground*).

I, first, for the jessamine !

INEZ (*on the right of the INFANTA, and a little further
front*).

I, second, for the anemone !

CATALINA (*on the right, towards the front*).

I, third, for the violet !

RAFFAILLA (*on the left of the INFANTA*).

I, fourth, for the olive-tree !

XIMENA (*on the left, towards the front*).

I, fifth, for the marigold !

PRINCESS JUANA (*left hand, front*).

I, last, for the blue-bell flower.

[BEATRIX in the centre, triangle in hand ; she courtesies to her companions, and they to her. She dances to ISABELLA, and bowing, begins to sing.]

BUTTERFLY (BEATRIX).

Open, open, pretty little Jessamine ! (*triangle*)

Pitter, patter ; pitter, patter ; listen to the rain.
My fair ringlets will not have a color in ;
Thou shalt have a ducat when I come again.

JESSAMINE (*Solo*).

Never, never ! go away, naughty little Butterfly ;
Thou art a giddy wanderer, idling all its day.

BUTTERFLY (*Solo*).

I'll show thee all my colors fine.

FLOWERS (*Chorus*).

See, ours are just as gay as thine.

BUTTERFLY (*Solo*).

I'll teach thee how to dance and bow.

FLOWERS (*Chorus*).

Oh, we can dance as well as thou.

BUTTERFLY (*Solo*).

I'll sing for thee the whole day long.

FLOWERS (*Chorus*).

We'll clinker, clanker, clinker, clanker (*castanets*)

Clinker, clanker, clinker, clanker;

Clash our merry castanets [*suiting the action to the word*],

And sing a better song.

BUTTERFLY (*to the ANEMONE*).

Open, open, pretty white Anemone ! (*triangle*)

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter ; listen to the rain.

Know, dear lady, all the flowers envy me ;

Thou shalt have a ducat when I come again.

LVIII

ANEMONE.

Never, never ! go away, naughty little Butterfly,
etc.

BUTTERFLY (*to the* VIOLET).

Open, open, pretty little Violet ! (*triangle*)

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter ; listen to the rain.
See ! that spider longs to catch me in his net ;
Thou shalt have a ducat when I come again.

VIOLET.

Never, never ! go away, etc.

BUTTERFLY (*to the* OLIVE-TREE).

Open, open, pretty little Olive-tree ! (*triangle*)

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter ; listen to the rain.
The birds and bees and busy ants are mocking me ;
Thou shalt have a ducat when I come again.

OLIVE-TREE.

Never, never ! go away, etc.

BUTTERFLY (*to* MARIGOLD).

Open, open, pretty little Marigold ! (*triangle*)

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter ; listen to the rain.
My poor teeth are chitter, chatter, in the cold ;
Thou shalt have a ducat when I come again.

LIX

MARIGOLD.

Never, never ! go away, etc.

BUTTERFLY (*to BLUE-BELL*).

Open, open, pretty little Azure-bell ! (*triangle*)

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter ; listen to the rain.

Old black beetle sits a-laughing in his cell ;

Thou shalt have a ducat when I come again.

BLUE-BELL.

Never, never ! go away, etc.

BEATRIX (*suddenly, as the music ceases and MIRAZALIA,
ESTANIA and ZILDA enter*).

Three Moorish ladies are approaching,—see !

They look as though they knew not where to go.

INFANTA (*advancing to meet the strangers*).

Whom do ye seek, my friends ? whom wish to see ?

MIRAZALIA.

The good Fra Talavera, who, 'tis said,

Is Confessor to Her Majesty,

The Spanish Queen. He will present for us

This jeweled ring, and gain us audience.

LX

INFANTA.

Ye look most weary. Have ye wandered far?

ESTANIA.

Yea, from Granada,—O most gracious child.
We at Cordova yesterday arrived,
And since, have rested well ; so, our sad looks
Arise from grief and anxiousness of heart,
Rather than from weariness of travel long.

INFANTA (*to MIRAZALIA*).

I can procure an earlier audience
Than could the Reverend Father. Wilt thou
trust
To me this ring ? It shall be safely given.

BEATRIX.

Thou may'st rely on her good offices ;
'Tis Isabel,—Infanta of Castile !
[They kneel, and MIRAZALIA presents the ring.

ZILDA.

Ah ! sweet Princess, we thank thee fervently !

LXI

INFANTA.

Nay, not a word ! but follow me. I will
Take care that proper officers attend. [*They prepare to start.*]

Ah, this is fortunate ! See, yonder comes
Her gracious Majesty, my royal mother,
With the ladies of her suite. [*All draw back with respect.*]

[Enter QUEEN ISABELLA ; BEATRIX, MARCHIONESS DE MOYA ; the COUNTESS OF ALBUQUERQUE ; DUCHESS OF VILLAHERMOSA ; DONA MENCIA DE LA TORRE ; DONA MARIA ZAPATA ; DONA M. MANUEL.]

QUEEN.

Here, through this colonnade, the evening winds
Blow coolly from Nevada's snowy heights,
Bringing sweet odors from the garden maze,
Of orange-blossom, myrtle, tulip, rose ;—
Morena's undulating lines are cut
Clearly from the sunset's crimson dyes ;—
And, mark ye, ladies, through yon sombre group
Of shadowy cypress, — through those clustering
vines
That interlace the slender column shafts,—

LXII

E'en through a chink in that huge buttress stone,
Fall rich soft rays of gold and purple light,
Fleckering the marble pave, as though they were
The border of some viewless angel's robe.
O God of Power ! Thou Home of exiled hearts !
Thus, the effulgent ocean of Thy Love,
The glorious ocean of Thy Beauty, breaks
For aye, against the barriers imposed
By sin and frail mortality ; while through
Their crevices, impatient gleamings fall
Of tender love and beauty, on our path.

DUCHESS OF ALBUQUERQUE.

I merely thought that the pavilion looked
Most lovely, in the sunset's roseate beams ;—
But thou dost ever make all earthly things
A bow wherewith to aim the shaft of love.

MARCHIONESS DE MOYA.

Whom have we here ? Strangers, I think — and
Moors.
Women of rank,—their mien imports no less,—
Women of wealth,—conjecturing from their dress.

LXIII

INFANTA (*to the QUEEN*).

Madam, these ladies are but just arrived
From far Granada's city. They beseech
An audience of thy Majesty, and were
Desirous that Fra Talavera's hand
Should bring this ring to thee. I undertook
The office, and entreat thee, for my sake,
To show them all thy wonted clemency.

QUEEN (*to sisters, who are kneeling*).

Rise, sweet sisters of Alhama, rise !
Kiss not my hand ; but come ye to my heart.
Long have I watched for you, but scarcely dared
To hope your coming, unto Christ and us.—

[*To MIRAZALIA, pressing her hand.*]

Ah, Mirazalia, faithful guide and friend !
The wandering doves are safely in the nest ;
Now dost thou taste the sweetness of good deeds.

ESTANIA.

We have no words, your Majesty, to tell
Our reverence deep and ardent gratitude.

LXIV

ZILDA.

Although thou art the greatest queen on earth,
A mother's love illumines thy regal glance,—
A soft reflection of the majesty,
And fond maternal love, of Her who is
The Queen of queens and Virgin lowliest.

QUEEN.

Peace, little flatterer ! Art thou forced to fly
Even to Heaven's heights for compliments ?

[*Turning to her ladies.*]

Ladies mine, these are the fair young sisters
Of our much loved Noumarilda. Ah, rejoice !
For ye, with me, have oft-times prayed for this.—
Estania, Zilda, these good ladies are
The noblest of my court. Ye will soon their
names,
Virtues and dignities, from Zama, learn.

[ESTANIA and ZILDA advance and courtesy low to
the MARCHIONESS, DUCHESS and COUNTESS, embracing those who are of their own rank.]

COUNTESS OF VILLAHERMOSA (*to the QUEEN*).

They glance amidst us eagerly, to see
 If Zama Hamet's face adorn the group.
 [*To ZILDA.*] Read I not rightly those dark eyes,
 sweet maid?

ZILDA.

Ah, Dona, yes ! Pray tell us,—is she nigh?

QUEEN.

Nay, nay, for ye must see your sister first.
 She would be deeply wounded, were she told
 That Zama's name was first upon your lips.

ESTANIA.

True, gracious Madam ! eagerness of love
 Hath made us both unmindful of the laws
 Of duty and good breeding.

ZILDA.

O my heart !
 Is Zama very near ? How she would weep,
 For very joy, to know that we are here !

LXVI

DONA MENCIA.

Ha, ha, your Majesty, 'tis vain to talk !—
Love chafes beneath the bonds of etiquette.

DONA MANUEL.

Pray, Madam, let her touch the lute she bears
So fondly on her arm ;—its witchery
May draw the lagging Zama to her side.

MIRAZALIA.

Ah ! that same lute hath oft-times served us well ;
For, noble ladies, ye must know that we
Have journeyed from Granada in the guise
Of wandering minstrels, and have often drawn
Both plenteous tears and scanty coppers
From admiring crowds.

DONA ZAPATA.

What perils thou hast passed,
My merry Mirazalia ! When thou shalt
Have rested and refreshed, thou shalt to us
The tale of thy escape and wanderings tell.

LXVII

QUEEN (*to whom a lady has whispered*).

Within yon hall, behind the colonnade,
Sits Zama busy with her needle-work.
Take the lute, Zilda ; thou, Estania, sing
Some little lay, to draw her to your arms.

ESTANIA AND ZILDA (*sing*).

O'er many a mountain lone,
Through many a crowded mart,
We've wandered to our home,
Our home beside the Altars of our Faith,
Our home within thy heart.
O Zama, Zama ! why art thou not here ?
Our Zama once so fond.
O sweetest lute of earth, if thou art near,
Awake, awake, respond !

NOUMARILDA (*in the distance, as yet unseen*). (*Solo*).

Estania, Zilda ! Sisters of my soul.

ESTANIA AND ZILDA (*Duett*).

Come to us, Zama Hamet. Why delay ?

LXVIII

[*They all sing in chorus.*]

Back, night of sorrow, let thy shadows roll !
'Tis glorious day.

QUEEN.

Be not deceived, sweet maids ; ye did not hear
The voice of Zama Hamet. She who sings
Is Noumarilda,—thy sister lost so long,
Who improviseth answer to your song.
I have just summoned her ; and lo ! *she comes.*

[Enter NOUMARILDA. The sisters meet and embrace.]

ESTANIA.

O Zilda, it is joy—'tis *Heaven*—to find
That our lost Noumarilda is our friend,—
Our brave, devoted Zama. Once, the light
Of a so blessed possibility
Flashed o'er my mind, but died in mists away.

NOUMARILDA.

Ah, mine own sisters, once again I see
Your fair young faces ! once again your hearts

Are thrown around me, in these clinging arms.
 I thank Thee, my dear Lord, not for this
 (Though sweet it be), but for that greater joy,
 That they are *Thine*, and won to Thee by me.
 In tears, I went to sow the seed of life ;
 And now, exulting, reap such *golden sheaves*
 As I had never hoped. For, know ye all,
 This letter tells me that, ere autumn fall,
 Horaloyun, Equivila, Sada
 And Olarosa will be here to stand
 Beside that laver whose blessed tide doth roll,
 To wash each sinful stain from off the soul.

QUEEN.

And now, one song of praise to the great Fount
 Of every sinless love and pure delight !
 Sing, maidens, sing ! and let your anthems mount
 As high as Heaven,—until its armies bright
 Take up the song, and to their harps of fire,
 Praise Him whose Heart did these dear souls
 desire.

SOLO (*solemn*) INVITATORY.

Bless the name of the Lord !

Bless the name of the Lord !

To the strains of the harp let your voices accord.

CHORUS (*joyous*).

Eternal God ! Eternal God ! Creator, King !
Prostrate we bend, prostrate we bend, in fear we
sing.

Eternal Son ! Eternal Son ! O Spirit Dove !
Ten thousand times we chant the words, " We
love, we love !"

O Three Divine !
Great love hath made Thee ours ;
Great love shall make us thine.

SOLO (*by Spanish lady*).

I bless Thee, O my God,
For the Faith of Spain !
Thy altars, holiest Lord,
Send up the sacrifice,—
Golgotha's Lamb
Is mystically slain !

Ring out, O blessed bells,
 O'er many a shrine !
 Thy peaceful chiming tells
 Of deeds Divine,
 As the sweet Ave swells
 Far out at sea
 And 'neath the clustering vine !

CHORUS.

Bless the name of the Lord, etc.

SOLO (*by* ESTANIA *and* ZILDA ; *very sad*).

Pour forth, sweet strings, the saddest strain,
 Sing ye of those without the fold !
 Oh fall, sad tears,—and fall like rain,
 O'er hearts defiled and frozen cold !
 Granada, who will give thee safe
 The Arms wide-stretched on Calvary's hill ?
 While thou art chained, no joy shall woo ;—
 Thou silvery lute, be still, be still !

LXXII

CHORUS.

Bless the name of the Lord, etc.

[During the latter part of the Chorus, the procession is formed in Court order, and as the last strains die away, all have left the stage.]



In hoc signo spes mea.

